1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

273 the juice of a fern to "make the beer red," is fermented in wooden troughs from 5 to 6 feet (1.5 to 1.8 m.) long made of tree stumps hollowed out by burning and chopping, then closed at both ends with wax. To accelerate fermentation, the beverage is heated every 3d day with red-hot stones and then covered with pieces of bark.

COMMUNICATION

202 The *Caingang* leave messages in symbolic code for those who will follow the same path. A stick with honey indicates where a bees nest has been found; dolls and sticks represent a feast to which some group is being invited; an inclined stick shows the time of day at which some event took place; feathers scattered on the ground tell of a successful hunting party, etc. (Manizer, 1930, p. 790). Lozano (1873, 1:425) stated that to declare war, the *Guayaná* (i. e., the *Caingang*) stuck an arrow into a tree near a path followed by their enemies. [574] A circle of maize cobs on the ground or hanging from a tree was an invitation to a drinking bout.

RELIGION

771 **Religious beliefs.**—The *Aweikoma* conceive the world to be
776 strongly animistic, peopled with ghosts (kuplêng) and spirits (nggī-yúdn) of all sorts who dwell in trees, rocks, mountains, stars, winds, and in large and small animals. To meet a spirit is, as a rule, an ominous event. But spirits may be friendly and appear to a man to offer their aid. Those who are assisted in hunting by a guardian spirit share with it the game which they have killed. A man may even adopt a spirit child and place it in his wife's womb.

● 825 *Aweikoma-Caingang* share the widespread belief that all animals have "masters," that is to say, spirits that control and protect them. Such spirits are willing to give up some of their kin to satisfy men's needs, but are angered if people destroy them wantonly or if hunters refuse an animal "offered" to them.

756 **Shamanism.**—The *Caingang* shaman consults spirits at night, puffing his pipe until he is surrounded by a cloud of smoke. The spirits talk to him in long whistles and tell him where to find a favorable hunting ground or abundant honey. They may also reveal the outcome of an undertaking involving the band.

755 Shamans are also doctors, but this role is less conspicuous among
757 the *Caingang* than elsewhere and is even absent among the *Caingang* of Palmas and of São Paulo. Among the decadent *Aweikoma-Caingang*, observed by Henry (1941, p. 76), shamans only treated members of their immediate family and did not receive a fee for their cures. The shaman knows many magic remedies, generally herbs, the virtues

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

When one of those great bows that the Kaingáng also use for clubs is bent, the strain is so great that a man's whole body tends to quake and shiver. The handling of a Kaingáng bow in the thick foliage where the ground is slippery underfoot and a dozen twigs and branches get in the way, where the light is dim and a mass of vines and leaves half obscure the target, calls for perfect coordination and the control of every muscle. The largest game bird, the jacutinga, appears generally as a black spot high up among the trembling leaves, and the branch on which it stands is almost always between the bird and the hunter. As it fills its maw with berries it turns nervously from side to side—it is a fluctuating spot in uncertain and gloomy surroundings. No wonder that our friend misses his *ururús*, and that the Indians often miss. With a grunt of disgust he goes on, down the hill and across a brook, up the other slope, and then down through a mass of bamboo to a stream. He stands in the water up to his knees, undecided for a moment which way to go. Then he wanders along the stream, stepping with automatic and perfect balance from stone to stone until he finds a place to climb out. His powerful toes hook into the tough damp clay at the water's edge, and he lifts his two hundred pounds by his toes, as self-assured as a ballet dancer, on to the high bank. Now from far up on the side of the hill comes a macaco's whistle, faint and clear, and the hunter beats his way toward it, imitating almost perfectly the monkey's high and penetrating whistle. I never learned to distinguish the macaco's whistle from the Indian's imitation.

As he nears the top of the hill, his breath whistling between his teeth, the monkeys are visible—little black bundles high up in a tree. "The sun is slanting," as he says, for it is growing late, and we have been out all day without a thing to eat. He climbs up past the tree so that he can shoot downhill. The first barbed wooden arrow hisses vainly through the leaves, to land somewhere far off down the hill. A second arrow pierces a monkey and knocks it from its tree. A third and fourth follow the first. The fifth sends the second monkey hurtling, and he falls dead in a tangle of brambles. Five arrows for two monkeys. The heads of the two arrows that found their marks are torn loose from the shaft and will have to be rebound. The three others are lost in the pathless tangle but it is too late to look for them. Next day he returns to search, following his own tracks back through the undergrowth that almost conceals them. The bush is so heavy that he cannot raise his arms or legs until he frees them from the vines that hold them like a net. Round and round he goes, looking about and up in the trees, for perhaps one of his arrows fell among the branches. After each circuit of the area he returns to the tree where the monkeys were and makes note of the trajectories of his arrows, pointing his arm along them. At last he finds two, but where is the third? After almost three hours of constant searching

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

512
224
[825]

he sees it high in another tree, and up he goes to get it, for if he left it there it would weep and weep until, perhaps, its soul would come and kill him.

All through the morning he climbs the hills. Ticks come upon him in clods like brown mud and he scrapes them off with a knife, but the ones he misses deploy over him until he itches all over from their bites. Early in the afternoon he finds a little hive, and the cool sweet honey quenches his thirst and takes the edge off his hunger. Soon he comes on another, but "dangerous" stinging bees live there; and since he will not stop to make a fire drill and build a fire to smoke them out, he must leave it and return tomorrow or send someone after it. Now the sky clouds over, and it begins to rain. He stands shivering under a fern for a while, but hunger drives him out again. As the afternoon drags on his mood grows blacker and blacker as he searches the ground restlessly for a tapir's track. Nothing less than a tapir will satisfy him. But where are they? Didn't Chukembégn see tracks here yesterday when he was hunting jacutingas? But wait! What's this? Certainly a tapir has been nibbling the shoots of this bush, and there is its track. It seems fresh, too, for it is damp, and the soil appears newly scraped by the tapir's hoof. But in the rain all tracks are damp, and he is not sure that the tapir didn't nibble that bush yesterday. As he goes farther along, however, he comes upon the fresh spoor and then on the place where the tapir moved about, eating red berries that had fallen from a tree.

Now there is no doubt that the track is fresh. Tense and serious, he puts down his axe and arrows, of which he selects two with short shafts and heavy iron heads that look like table knives, round at the point but sharpened to a razor edge. As he moves along following the tapir's track he mimics its curious shrieking whistle. The trail leads through a bamboo network where rotten twigs lie thick upon the ground and the bamboo grows so high and dense that the light is dim; some of the bamboos have toppled over and dried where they have fallen. Hundreds of them lie criss-cross in every direction so that the hunter has to pick his way, twisting and turning his heavy bow so that it will not clatter and jar. He makes noise—no one could avoid it in such a jungle. But the tapir too is noisy, and there is no mistaking when its big, heavy body comes plunging awkwardly through the brush. At last the hunter draws up on the animal that has stopped to wait for him, deceived by his call; but the forest is so thick that he must get close for a shot, and indeed, the heads of his arrows are so heavy that they cannot travel far with great accuracy. But when it does leap from the bow the arrow drives through the tough hide of the tapir right to its vitals. What supreme pleasure that gives to the Indian! What pride is in that smiling brown face!

512

Back in camp the hunter does not walk around and talk unless he has come back empty-handed, for then he feels he has to say something to ex-

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

basket in the water for the fish, and they came along and plumped into it. He showed her so that he and she might both see it all the time." The essential features of this very mild incident are the simple nature of the instruction and the division of the fish species into supernatural untouchables and natural touchables. This was characteristic of every animal category—some of it was recognizable by the shaman as supernatural, and the rest was natural and might be killed and eaten. When we remember that the spirit a person sees constantly is his close friend and companion, we can readily understand this cautious examination of the scene by the shaman and his painstaking selection of the animals to be killed and those to be left alone. Some of them are children of his friend, and the rest are simply animals which the spirit gives to him for food.

Spirits control their species and keep them in inclosures from which they let them out from time to time. When they are angered, either because too many have been killed or because some have not been killed, they close them up again and animals become scarce. Failure to bring down an animal is an unfortunate occurrence which annoys the spirit, but refusal to take a tapir or deer or any other animal which the *nggīyúdn* offers is tantamount to refusing food from a human benefactor and can have but one outcome, death. Whoever turns away from quarry pointed out by a spirit is bound to fall ill and die.

The more we examine the ways in which the Kaingáng maintained the bonds that united them with supernatural benefactors, the more we discover that they duplicated in any number of details the complex of relationships and feelings through which security was maintained in their own society. One more point may be added. Over and over again, malevolent supernaturals are referred to by the sinister term of "different thing," but guardian spirits were never called by this term; for "different things" are dangerous things, and guardian spirits were friendly and helpful.

Like most primitive peoples, the Kaingáng obtain from spirits some powers to cure disease, but this side of Kaingáng supernaturalism was very slightly developed. In many cultures in which religious values rate high, the powers to cure and kill supernaturally bring great rewards. But the Kaingáng never killed supernaturally; the most they did in this direction was to throw people into a deep sleep so that they could murder them with lance or club. They did cure through the agency of the supernatural, but the shaman received no pay for his efforts, and his practice was generally limited to his own immediate family. The ministerings of the shaman were viewed as attentions naturally received from a close relative. No shaman ever extended the benefits of his practice outside his own extended family. Kaingáng culture did not define achievement in supernatural terms—shamanistic powers of any kind were not even something to boast about or to plume oneself on. The most that a very powerful shaman got from his

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

will be encountered. Big sparks mean tapirs, smaller ones indicate deer, and so on down through monkeys and birds. If the sparks appear on the left side of the heap, the animals will be killed on the left side of the river; if they twinkle on the right side, the animal will fall on the right side of the river; and if the spark appears near the watcher, the animal will be killed near at hand. *Kóplẽgu* never fails, because so many sparks appear that they cover every eventuality, and the Indians remember the details of the divination for a long time.

When an animal is killed weeks after the ethnologist hovered breathlessly over the beautiful little heap of glowing charcoal, he will hear an Indian say: "Ah! This is the jacutinga I saw in the *kóplẽgu*." The impending death of human beings can be seen in the *kóplẽgu* also, but no one can see his own death.

Totemism

In the religion of the Kaingáng, totemism, i.e. a close religious association between an individual (or a group) and some natural phenomenon, is simply a special emphasis in the general pattern of close associations between mankind and natural phenomena. The tiger and the tapir, the Kaingáng say, are Wanyekí's[84] *mang* because he made them in the very beginning when the first people emerged east of the shoreless sea in the east and over the "hard" mountains to the west. Some of these conceptions that link men with animals and plants appear in one of the confused origin myths of the Kaingáng, but it is impossible to establish clear connections between what is said in these obviously fossilized myths and what one hears from informants. The pine tree is believed to be the exclusive property of the circle people, but from the myth that refers to the origin of an (unnamed) animal from the bark of the young pine it is impossible to determine why the pine tree might not just as well be the property of the dot or dick people. The mark system has been confused for the past two hundred years. The association between Klendó (i.e. the line people) and the bee is explained as follows: "When Wanyekí came out first they found Klendó eating honey and therefore said it was Klendó's. A man saw Bee. Supernatural Bee has a name like man. Padnmbá [one of the line people] saw it and learnt the names. Then he said that the names were Klendó, Vomblé, Nyatkaé, Kanyahé, Waipó, Lugnmú, Vukthá, Pepó. *Nggiyádu* said: 'Our names are thus. Let Klendó come with his offspring. His offspring are no more in the bad land.' When the bees heard this they migrated."

[84] Wanyekí is a male personal name and is used as a generic reference to all the dot people. Of course, in addition to Wanyekí there are many other names, both male and female, that belong to the dot people.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

Appendix I

Material Culture

Hunting

STALKING, THE BASIC KAINGÁNG TECHNIQUE for tapir hunting, was described in Chapter II. I have called this the basic technique because all other techniques of tapir hunting are built on it. The core of the stalking technique is *following* the animal, and the Kaingáng do this whether they hunt with or without dogs. When they hunt the tapir with dogs one of two possibilities is open: either they can pursue the tapir by following the bark of the dog, or they can lie in wait for it beside one of its well-known runs and kill it as the dogs drive it. Now these two different kinds of hunting involve entirely different intellectual orientations. When the hunter follows the bark of his dog he acts directly; he swings into motion the moment his dog disappears into the brush with a yelp, and he follows persistently until he overtakes the dog where it has brought the tapir to bay or until it becomes too dark, in which case he tries to pick up the trail again the following day and continue the pursuit. But the technique of waiting is entirely different and so much at variance with the habits of the Kaingáng that they have never been able to carry it actually into effect.

Tapir run for generations in the same trails, *carreiras*, until they sometimes wear them down a yard in depth. Since, when a tapir is pursued it invariably seeks one of these *carreiras*, it is clear that anyone who knows the different *carreiras* in his neighborhood is well equipped for hunting. In the summer the hunted tapir frequently takes a *carreira* that leads to a stream, especially if the land is cut by many waterways and it is the habit of the white settlers to study the *carreiras* in the region carefully so that when they go hunting they can station men at all the spots where the *carreiras* debouche into the winding streams and can shoot the tapir when the dogs chase it into the water. This mode of hunting can, of course, be

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

employed on land also; but there it is much more difficult, because as the tapir comes charging along it is extremely hard to get a good shot. In the water, however, with the dogs snapping at it, its movements are very much hampered and it becomes an easy target. Hunting the tapir in this way calls for careful planning, long residence in one region, and the cooperation of a number of men. From the Kaingáng point of view it means changing the unplanned, solitary stalking technique to one of planned cooperation. How have they met this situation? Perhaps a description of my personal experiences will suggest an answer to the question.

Early in the morning we lead the dogs out, and as we move slowly along we search the damp earth underfoot for tapir tracks, pushing the brush aside where it obscures the ground, talking in whispers, stopping every half minute to disentangle the dogs from the brush or from a fallen log where the bark or bamboo leashes have become tangled. We have a definite objective: we are going to find a tapir track, and we must hold the dogs in leash until we have found it. We do not let the dogs scamper aimlessly about where they may bark at any little bird that flashes above them and so frighten all the game within a quarter of a mile or where they may dash off wildly after some lesser animal like a *tatetí* or a deer.

At last the track is found, and the hunters begin to follow it methodically. They do not let the dogs go at once, for the tapir may have doubled several times in its rambling search for food, and it would be wasteful to let the dogs run over that unnecessary distance.[1] Perhaps the trail will show that the tapir has taken a route that would lead far off across a flat area where it might run and run indefinitely and never fall into a stream where it could be killed easily. The hunter who knows the land well seeks to control all these factors. At last when the hunters have become satisfied that it is well to let the dogs loose, they say to me, "Julio, you stay here. Here is a *carreira*, and if the tapir comes along you shoot it." Perhaps one of their number stays there with me also. Then the hunters go off, still leading the dogs, and disappear. After a while we hear the sudden excited barks of the dogs. When my companion hears them, his eyes flash, his body grows tense, and with a "Julio, you wait here; we'll come back for you," he is gone. All through the warm afternoon I sit beside the trail. The bark of the dogs has long since died in the distance. Somewhere beyond those ridges and trees that lie around me piled skyward one upon the other, brown figures are moving through the jungle, tense with excitement,

[1] Since, from the point of view of the dog, the track of an animal extends indefinitely in both directions—the direction from which it came as well as the direction in which it is going—it might be asked how the dog knows which way to go. The answer is that as it follows the track the scent grows stronger the closer it gets to its prey and vice versa.

224 The sureness of the first throw, which never misses its mark, is a wonderful thing to behold. The animal is killed instantly and its flesh prepared.

Formerly, and even today, if no dogs were available, the Indians would look for a spoor and follow it cautiously, with unequaled skill, until they came silently upon the tapir in its lair and killed it with their arrows.

They call this animal oyõlema or nia-mbang.

They follow the same procedure when hunting deer, cambẽma, which they surround or take by surprise. This is not an easy task, for it is well known that the deer is the fleetest and most alert game to be found in our forests.

Another important game animal is the wild pig, ũgma. The Indians value its flesh greatly, and are particularly enthusiastic about the fact that it can always be killed in such large numbers. Whenever they chance upon the spoor of wild pigs, they follow it carefully until they find and attack the animals. If the herd is large, the Indians often follow it for weeks on end, taking along their wives, children, and all their belongings. They attack the pigs whenever they can, and always kill as many as possible. [120]

Actually, nothing escapes their sure and deadly arrows and their excellent digestion. From the ferocious jaguar, mẽngma, to the graceful and dainty uru partridge, [Odontophorus genus--Translator] pupulẽma, nothing is spared.

● [525] They have a special liking for the flesh of monkeys, conhãrema, and howlers, gũma. They believe that the meat of these animals is endowed with exceptional qualities, possibly on account of the legend related below.

[534] The warriors keep count with great pride of the jaguars they kill, for this adds considerably to their standing in the tribe. Bravery demands that a jaguar be attacked when cornered upon the ground; this is the most dangerous situation for the hunter, who kills the animal with arrows or spear, depending on its position. Then the courageous hunter eats the heart of his victim, and shares the rest of its flesh with those who are present.

252 To roast meat they dig a large pit in the ground and line it with river stones, on which a fire is kept burning until the stones become red-hot. At this point the remnants of the fire are removed